

CHAOS!
COMICS

EVIL ERNIE

DESTROYER

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EVIL ERNIE®

DESTROYER!

#3 (of 9)

"Psycho Candy"

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Story So Far

EVIL ERNIE, CHASTITY and SMILEY THE PSYCHOTIC BUTTON follow the trail of nuclear weapons to Georgia to find GARRIS, the soldier who has nuclear access codes. On the way, he finds and "converts" the CARNIVAL OF THE DAMNED to be his newest undead recruits.

JUDY YOUNG and SAM GUNHILL uncover evidence of the AMERICAN RESTORATION ALLIANCE's insidious schemes and head for Atlanta, even as MARY and BILLY YOUNG find witnesses who tell them Judy is still alive. Evil Ernie's communion with the Deadmind reveals Garriss's location: trapped inside the Atlanta Centers for Disease Control as a test subject for AUTOPSY!

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TOLEDO,
OHIO.

ONE UPON A TIME, THERE
WAS A MAN NAMED
LEONARD PRICE. HE HAD
HIS LIFE MAPPED OUT.
HAD DIRECTION.



HE PLANNED TO BECOME
A PRIEST -- LIKE HIS FATHER,
AND HIS GRANDFATHER
BEFORE HIM.

BUT LEONARD LOST HIS
FAITH, DROPPED OUT OF
CATHOLIC SEMINARY, AND
TURNED HIS FOCUS FROM
THE SPIRIT TO THE MIND.

LEONARD BECAME A SHRINK,
HAD TRIED TO CURE THE
MENTAL ILLS OF THE WORLD.

ONE DAY HE MET A
TEENAGER NAMED
ERNEST FAIRCHILD...

ERNE FAIRCHILD HAD BEEN
SEVERELY ABUSED BY HIS
PARENTS. PHYSICALLY,
PSYCHOLOGICALLY,
EMOTIONALLY.

AT FIRST, PRICE TRIED TO CARE
FOR ERNIE. TRIED TO FIND A
WAY TO EXORCISE THE DEMONS
WHICH PLAGUED THE KID.

BUT ERNIE HAD SLAUGHTERED
HIS ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD --
35 PEOPLE IN ONE NIGHT. PRICE
WAS OUT OF HIS LEAGUE...

CURE HIM? PRICE WENT
A LITTLE NUTS HIMSELF
FACED WITH "EVIL ERNIE
FAIRCHILD." "CURE HIM..?"

PRICE WANTED TO
BLOW THE PUNK'S
BRAINS OUT...



95 MILLION
DEAD... EVILS'
HANDIWORK... BUT
I'M RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE WHOLE
*&\$#@ MESS!

A WOMAN ENTERED
THE PICTURE, DR.
MARY YOUNG. SHE
WORKED WITH DR.
PRICE.

LIKE HER NAME,
SHE WAS YOUNG,
IDEALISTIC.

SHE HAD A RADICAL
CURE -- NEUROTECH.

AN EXPERIMENTAL DREAM
PROBE, IT WAS DESIGNED
TO PURGE A MURDERER'S
KILLING URGES.

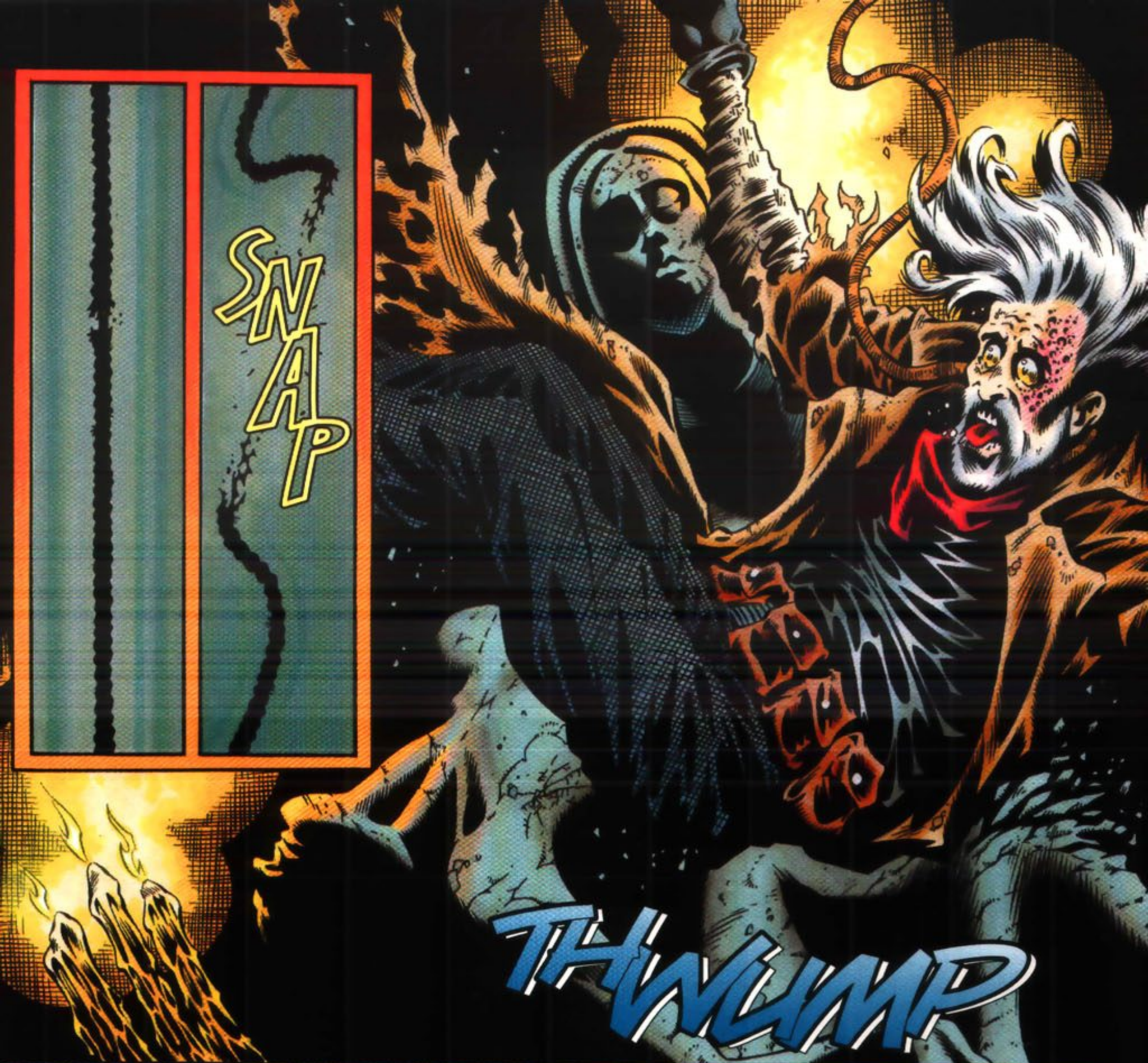
IT BACKFIRED, AND A
CERTAIN LADY BY THE NAME
OF DEATH STEPPED IN...

FATHER.
GRANDPA.
LORD.
FORGIVE
ME...

KLUNK

GRUNT!

THE REST, AS THE
SAYING GOES, IS
HISTORY...



SNAP

THWUMP



GOD --
DAMN YOU!
LET ME DIE!
->KOFF-<



WHY WON'T
YOU LET ME
END IT?!

BECAUSE I
STARTED IT --
GOTTA... FINISH IT...
STOP ERNIE...



WHAT'S
THAT BASTARD
UP TO...?

INTERSTATE I-20.
OUTSIDE ATLANTA.

AN
AMUSEMENT
PARK -- COOL!
I ALWAYS HAD
FUN AT THOSE
PLACES.

NEVER
BEEN TO
ONE.

SIX
OVER
RCIA

YOU
NEVER HAD
MUCH OF A LIFE,
DID YOU?

SHUT UP,
GIRLIE...

OOOPS!
NOT A GOOD
IDEA. DEFINITE
SORE POINT.

I THINK WE SHOULD
GO TRASH THE PLACE,
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
LET'S HAVE SOME
FUN!

MAYBE...

ENOUGH!

I DIG this
Chastity chick!
She's so into
messin' stuff
up!

C'mon,
boss! LIGHTEN
UP a little --
let's do it.



MOVE
OUT!





"YOU'LL NEVER BE A REAL MAN!"





I'LL
SHOW YOU
FUN!



GOOD
JOB. IT'S BROKE,
YOU COULDN'T
RIDE ANYWAY --
HA! HA!

SHUT
UP, PORKY,
YA BUTT-
HEAD!



YEAH!
SHUT UP, PORKY!
THE MIDGET GETS
TA RIDE THE DAMN
RIDE -- DON'TCHA.
SHORTY?

Can it,
shorty!

NO! NO!
IT'S BROKE! THE
TRACKS --



NOOO!



I SAY
YOU RIDE --
YA RIDE!



AAEE!



AAGGGHH











THAT
VAMPIRE GIRLIE.
SHE'S SO... SO,
I MEAN...



Oh *&##\$
IT!



LET THERE BE
DARKNESS!

POWW

ZAAAAPP



Oh, BOY!

WHAT
A WAY TO
LET OFF
STEAM!

KABOOOM



ROUTE 19, 57 MILES
NORTH OF ATLANTA.

FOR JUDY YOUNG,
THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS HAVE CHANGED
HER PERCEPTIONS.

GHOULS ARE NO
LONGER THE ONLY
ENEMY...

I CAN'T
BELIEVE A NEO-
FACIST PARAMILITARY
ORGANIZATION COULD
TAKE OVER THE
GOVERNMENT.

BELIEVE
IT! I KNOW THESE
PEOPLE AND WHAT
THEY'RE CAPABLE
OF.

BUT WHAT DO THEY
WANT WITH US, SAM?
WHY WIPE OUT A
SMALL TOWN LIKE
HELEN?

I DON'T
GET IT EITHER. MAC
MENTIONED NUKES.
THERE AREN'T SUPPOSED
TO BE ANY NUKES HERE.
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING
ELSE -- BIOLOGICAL
WEAPONS!

IF ANYONE MIGHT HAVE
AN IDEA ABOUT THIS STUFF,
IT'S RANDAL AN' HIS BOYS
IN ATLANT --

LOOK
OUT!

SLAMM

I HOPE
THIS KID'S A
GHOUL, NOT
ONE OF US!

AVATON,
GEORGIA.

FOR Dr. MARY YOUNG, THE
LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
HAVE BEEN A REVELATION.

SHE AND BILLY NOW
KNOW JUDY IS
DEFINITELY STILL ALIVE..

YOU BOYS
STOP WASTIN'
AMMO! I CAN'T
HEAR MYSELF
TALK!

AWW!
C'MON, POP!
WE WAS
JUST --

SHUT
IT, SON!

LIKE I WAS SAYIN', MARY, TAKE
17 TO TOCCOA UNTIL IT TAKES
YOU TO 356. HEAD NORTH.
HELEN'S JUST A FEW MILES
UP THE ROAD.

THANKS FOR
EVERYTHING.

NO
NEED. JUDY'S
LIKE KIN.

I TELL
YOU ABOUT THE
BIKERS?

NO.

THERE WAS
THIS BUNCH O' SCUM
FROM UP NORTH. THOUGHT
THEY'D HAVE IT EASY DOWN
HERE. KILLED A LOT A GOOD FOLK --
RAPIN', PILLAGING. STEALIN' OUR
FOOD. JUDY TOOK 'EM OUT.
THIS WAS BEFORE SAM
SHOWED UP.

HOW?

BOOBY-
TRAPPED THEIR
CAMP WITH DYNAMITE.
BLEW 'EM ALL TO HELL
WHEN THEY WAS
SLEEPIN' OFF A
DRUNK.

WOULDA
DONE IT MYSELF,
BUT THAT SISTER
O' YOURS BEAT
ME TO IT.

WE WILL!
THANKS!

Y'ALL
BE CAREFUL
NOW!

NEAT, HUH? CLASSIC CLINT
EASTWOOD. AND 150 ROUNDS OF
BLACK TALON HOLLOW-POINTS --
SOME SERIOUS STOPPING
POWER!

WHERE'D
YOU GET
THAT?

GIFT FROM
THE MORGAN
BROTHERS. THOSE
GUYS HAVE GOT AN
ARSENAL.

DON'T
PLAY WITH THAT
THING.

JUST
GETTING READY
TO BLOW SOME
HEADS!



WHAT
THE HELL?!
JUDY -- STAY
BACK!

THIS KID'S
STRANGE. WHAT'S
WITH THE GREEN
GLOW?

BULLETS
WON'T STOP
IT!



HEY
#@\$%&*!
WHA --



BLAM



BOON



HEE-HEE!

BUDDA
BUDDA



I DON'T
LIKE THE
KIDS...

THIS IS NO
ORDINARY GHOUL.
WHAT --?

ME
NEITHER.

RIGHT!
LET'S GO! MAY
BE MORE OF 'EM
AROUND!



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU --

TARGET PRACTICE. GOTTA STAY SHARP.



NOW, HOLD ON ONE DAMN MINUTE, YOUNG MAN!

YOU DON'T CALL THE SHOTS, SIS! I GET A VOTE. THIS IS A PARTNERSHIP.

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?!



THIS IS ABOUT SURVIVAL, *RIGHT*? I'VE BEEN *TORTURED*, *ALONE* -- HAD TO SURVIVE BY MY WITS. I'M NOT A LITTLE KID ANYMORE. WE'RE ON THE VERGE OF FINDING JUDY, AND YOU'VE GOT A BUG UP YOUR BUTT ABOUT A GUN?



"NO, BILLY. IT'S ABOUT STAYING ALIVE..."



...AND THAT MEANS NOT TAKING CHANCES OR BEING STUPID.

RIGHT. AND IT'S ABOUT HOW GOOD YOUR AIM IS.

I DON'T LIKE THIS COCKINESS -- IT'LL GET YOU HURT.



SO SUE ME!

LET'S GET MOVING! FIND JUDY AND...



"...THIS SAM GUNHILL DUDE BEFORE NIGHTFALL."

THE HQ OF THE AMERICAN RESTORATION ALLIANCE, OCTAVE, ARIZONA. WEAPONS RESEARCH DIVISION.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, SHE WAS JUST JANELLE ARMSTRONG, WARDEN OF THE ILLINOIS FEDERAL PENITENTIARY.

SHE WAS A REFORMER THEN, EVEN THOUGH THE INMATES CALLED HER "THE BITCH."

TWO MONTHS AGO, THE INMATES TOOK OVER. AFTER THREE AND A HALF WEEKS, THEIR RATIONS AND PATIENCE THINNING, THEY GRABBED HER.

FRIED HER IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...

...AT THE SAME MOMENT A HUGE BURST OF MYSTERIOUS GREEN ENERGY ENGULFED THE BUILDING.

THE TECH-HEADS STUDYING THE EFFECT NAMED THE INCIDENT "THE PANDORA EFFECT." THEY HAVE NO CLEAR UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT IT IS, OR WHAT EXACTLY CAUSED IT.

ALL THEY'VE BEEN ABLE TO DETERMINE IS IT'S SOME KIND OF REVERSE POLARITY PSIONIC-BIO-FEEDBACK ENERGY -- THE OPPOSITE OF THE HUMAN LIFEFORCE. ALL VERY THEORETICAL, OF COURSE.

UNTIL A MONTH AGO WHEN ITS EMERGENCE REWROTE ALL WE'VE THEORIZED ABOUT QUANTUM MECHANICS.

YOU COULD CALL IT THE EMBODIMENT OF CHAOS! THEORY.

JANELLE ARMSTRONG CALLS IT HELL...

ENERGY TANKS ARE FULL, SIR. OMEGA TEAM ARE STANDING BY.

HOW IS SHE HOLDING UP?

HER VITAL SIGNS ARE HEALTHY. SHE NEEDS NEITHER SLEEP NOR FOOD. AND SHE PRODUCES THE PANDORA ENERGY AT A STEADY RATE.

EXCELLENT.

LAUNCH OMEGA. I WANT THOSE HOT ZONE VIRUSES IN THE LAB WITHIN THE DAY.

THEIR OFFICIAL DESIGNATIONS ARE X-19s. TO THE CREW WHO FLY THEM, THEY'RE SILENT DEATH RIDES. OTHERS CALL THEM STEALTH COPTERS.

THEIR TARGET:
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

INVISIBLE, AS QUIET AS A
CEILING FAN. 30 TONS
OF KILLING MACHINE.

E.T.A.: FOUR HOURS,
32 MINUTES.

THEY USED TO CALL THIS THE
HARVARD OF THE SOUTH.

NOW IT'S HOME TO THE
MADMAN WHO CALLS
HIMSELF AUTOPSY!

**EMORY
MEDICAL
CENTER**

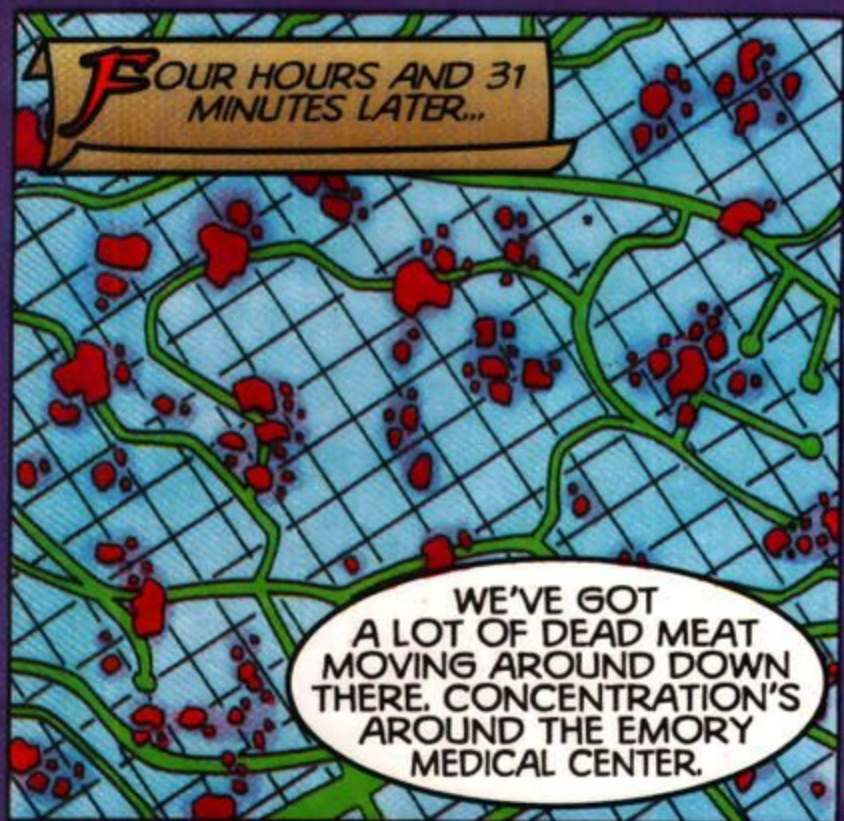
CAN READ...
HIS THOUGHTS...
SOMETIMES... OTHER
THOUGHTS -- HIS
THOUGHTS -- IN MY
HEAD... WHO
IS HE?

HEE,
HEE, HEE,
HEE!

CODES...
CLASSIFIED...
MISSION... A
FAILURE...

WHO ARE
YOU?

GET OUT
OF... MY
HEAD!





EMORY MEDICAL CENTER IS LINKED BY A NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND CORRIDORS, A MAZE AUTOPSY KNOWS WELL.

HE WANTS GI JOE... BUT IF GI JOE...

HE WILL PAY FOR THIS.



WOOOIEEE!
THOSE BABIES
ROCK! LIKE PLAYIN'
FRIGGIN' SPACE
INVADERS, AIN'T IT
PAULIE?

SIR, YOU
ARE SO OLD
SCHOOL.

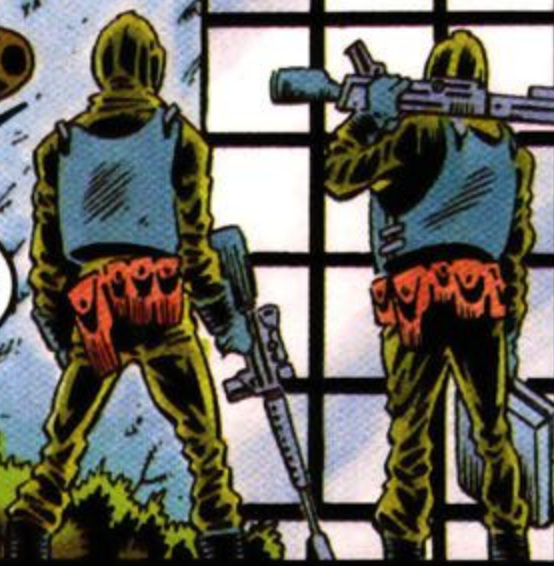


...IF GI JOE IS
UNCONSCIOUS...



OKAY,
LET'S OPEN THIS
PLACE UP AND GET
WHAT WE CAME
FOR.

THE CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL,
ALTHOUGH NOT AFFILIATED WITH
EMORY MEDICAL CENTER, THEY ARE
SITUATED A QUARTER MILE AWAY.



WE GOT
LOADS OF DEAD
MEAT IN HERE,
SIR.



MOOOWWW



GIMME SOME,
PLEASE?!

SILENCE,
YOU FOOL! I NEED
YOU AWAKE, NOT
UNCONSCIOUS.

SOUTH EAST
ATLANTA.

NOO!

I'VE
LOST
HIM!

EVIL REACHES OUT,
SCANNING THE
DEAD ONEZ...

SLAATT

GROUND
ZERO

SPLOOSH

SPLAGK

SPLAGK

ALL OVER THE CITY,
THE DEAD ONEZ
HEAR EVIL'S CALL...

...BUT FUELED BY AN
INSANE RAGE, AN
EXPLOSIVE RIPPLE RENDS
THE DEAD MIND!



NEXT:

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CREEPY



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